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Armstrong

MISCELLANIES;

BY

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON,

Printed for T. CADELL, (Succeſſor to Mr. MILLAR) in the Strand.

MDCCLXX.

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THE author of the following pieces has at laſt taken the trouble upon him to collect them; and to have them printed under his own inſpection. A taſk that he had long avoided; and to which he would hardly have ſubmitted himſelf at laſt, but for the ſake of preventing their being, ſome time hereafter, expoſed in a ragged mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had: while it might be impoſſible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the moſt contemptible nonſenſe.

Along with ſuch pieces as he had formerly offered to the public, he takes this opportunity of preſenting it with ſeveral others; ſome of which had lain by him many years. What he has loſt, and eſpecially what he has deſtroyed, would, probably enough, have been better received by the great majority of readers, than any thing he has publiſhed.

But he never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amuſement; and becauſe he found it an agreeable and innocent way of ſometimes paſſing an idle hour. He has always moſt heartily deſpiſed the opinion of the

the Mobility, from the loweſt to the higheſt: and if it is true, what he has ſometimes been told, that the beſt judges are on his ſide, he deſires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the beſt judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worſt too of the next will favour him with theirs; when by Heaven's grace he'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praiſes to receive any diſguſt from them.

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THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR

M DCC XLIV.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whoſe indulgent ſmile ſuſtains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal eſſences beſtows
Immortal youth; auſpicious, O deſcend!
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,

* Hygeia, the goddeſs of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æſculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pæon.

Whether thou wanton'ſt on the weſtern gale,
Or ſhak'ſt the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuſeſt life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue ſerenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the waſteful hoſt
Of Pain and Sickneſs, ſqualid and deform'd,
Confounded ſink into the loathſome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever ſhapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the ſhudd'ring air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with ſlow wings
Riſe from the putrid watry element,
The damp waſte foreſt, motionleſs and rank,
That ſmothers earth and all the breathleſs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten ſouth;
Whatever ills th' extremes or ſudden change
Of cold and hot, or moiſt and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The ſecret poiſons of avenging heaven,

And

And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedleſs Pleaſure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning ſky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world;
Thy ſalutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would ſicken, nature ſoon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no Poet ſings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddeſs heavenly gay!
Begin the ſong; and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws:
" How beſt the fickle fabric to ſupport
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how
" A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain."
'Tis hard, in ſuch a ſtrife of rules, to chuſe
The beſt, and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong
Dry philoſophic precepts to convey.

Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the muſes never trod before.

Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O MEAD! a well-deſign'd eſſay,
Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country ſhare,
Till you the rich Aſclepian ſtores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feveriſh world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, ſickning, and the living world
Exhal'd,

Exhal'd, to ſully heaven's tranſparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from ſhape and texture ſhe
Relapſes into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauſeous maſs
Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze,
This ſlumbring Deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thundring chimneys, tame
The putrid ſteams that overſwarm the ſky;
This cauſtic venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital air,

In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamic blood,
And rouſe the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze
That fans the ever undulating ſky;
A kindly ſky! whoſe ſoft'ring power regales
Man, beaſt, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then ſome Woodland ſcene where nature ſmiles
Benign, where all her honeſt children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy Seat!
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;
There chuſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove
Faſt by the ſlowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader ſhe laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that ſees an hundred villas riſe

Rural or gay). O! from the ſummer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the buſy Town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in chearful air;
But on the marſhy plains that Lincoln ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there preſides: a meagre Fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiad of the Fens.
From ſuch a mixture ſprung, this fitful peſt
With fev'riſh blaſts ſubdues the ſickning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains
That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,

And

And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat ſucceeds, till copious ſweats
O'erflow: a ſhort relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away;
The chearful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with ſqualid atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad.
And oft the Sorcereſs, in her fated wrath,
Reſigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In queſt of Sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main.
For from the humid ſoil and watry reign
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a ſounding deluge down.

Skies

Skies ſuch as theſe let every mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine;
For Air may be too dry. The ſubtle heaven,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which, by the ſurface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'

The

The ſecret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic), hence the ruſt-complexion'd man
Purſues, whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone: and hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, theſe violent extremes
Of Air; the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the power of chuſing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further taſk enſues;
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmoſphere: Tho' Cuſtom moulds
To ev'ry clime the ſoft Promethean clay;
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:
Correct the ſoil, and dry the ſources up

Of

Of watry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream;
And weed the foreſt, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie;
Or thro' the thickets ſend the crackling flames.
Mean time at home with chearful fires diſpel
The humid air: And let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſome pleaſures of the chaſe.
Generous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years;
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
But neither theſe nor all Apollo's arts,
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping ſky,
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime let all the ſons of eaſe
Avoid; if indolence would wiſh to live.

Go,

Go, yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regions parch
The ſkin and lungs, and bake the thickening blo
Deep in the waving foreſt chuſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty air;
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid ſtream.
Here ſpread your gardens wide; and let the cool
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore
Prevail in each repaſt: Your food ſupplied
By bleeding life, be gently waſted down,
By ſoft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the ſolid maſs
You chuſe, tormented in the boiling wave;
That thro' the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool receſs
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taſte relieve.
For with the viſcous blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups

Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge
In feaſts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk. Then too the ſcourging air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop: incumbent ſtill
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul.
Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhowerleſs day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful Eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful miniſters of wrath,

Prepare

Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: Give the genial Weſt
To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly North:
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; not mix in every monſtrous day.

Mean time, the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burthen'd ſkies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the *Cynorrhodon with the roſe
For fragrance vies; for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the baſking ſteep
Aſcend, there light thy hoſpitable fires.
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe,

* The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common briar.

The

The ſummer evening bluſhing in the weſt;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm;
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is ſtudied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the juſt
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat, and uninfected Gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds

High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' etherial deep with endleſs billows chafes.
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereſoe'er you build;
Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee; in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds aſſail'd;
Dry be your houſe: but airy more than warm.
Elſe every breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloiſter'd air tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid ſky.
Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth, commend?

Here,

Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon? How ſickly grow,
How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the ſun!
While on the neighbouring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languiſhingly ſweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun: whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whoſe gen'rous heat
Glows thro' the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the ponderous ſpheres.
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majeſty of day!
If not the ſoul, the regent of this world,
Firſt-born of heaven, and only leſs than God!

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIET.

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENough of Air. A deſart ſubject now,
Rougher and wilder, riſes to my ſight.
A barren waſte, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muſe's brow; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous ſolitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouſe a noble horror in the ſoul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endleſs labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts

Of life; the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my ſong. Elyſian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits flow,
The generous ſtream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; ſcourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight, it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildeſt moſt nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the ſtream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plaſtic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, thoſe plaſtic particles
Rebuild: So mutable the ſtate of man.

For

For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with freſh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This neceſſary waſte of fleſh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or ſome private uſe.

Nothing ſo foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too eaſily ſubdu'd,
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the moſt rebellious maſs
That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luſcious bacon rue,
Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſofter clay,

Infirm

Infirm and delicate! and ye who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day!
Avoid the ſtubborn aliment, avoid
The full repaſt; and let ſagacious age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.

Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating powers;
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents; and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſtedfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the Steer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die;
Nor ſtay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant eaſe,
Indulge the veteran Ox; but wiſer thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd and ſcanty fare: For, old or young,
The ſtall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.

No

Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholeſome food, the abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte
Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs.
The languid ſtomach curſes even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and ſhun with ſlippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
What horrors riſe, were nauſeous to relate.
Chuſe leaner viands, ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chuſe ſober meals; and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,
Irreſolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whoſe bones are thinly clad,
With chearful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his habit if he can; for each

Ex-

Extreme departs from perfect ſanity.

I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Beſides there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen;
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temp'rature affects. There are, whoſe blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moiſt Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with ſlaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, ſuſtenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment deteſt
Which, in the ſhell, the ſleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy ſtill, repent the gifts
Of Pales; ſoft, delicious and benign:
The balmy quinteſſence of every flower,

And

.nd every grateful herb that decks the ſpring;
'he foſt'ring dew of tender ſprouting life;
'he beſt refection of declining age;
'he kind reſtorative of thoſe who lie
Ialf dead and panting, from the doubtful ſtriſe
)f nature ſtruggling in the graſp of death.
'ry all the bounties of this fertile globe,
'here is not ſuch a ſalutary food
\s ſuits with every ſtomach. But (except,
\mid the mingled maſs of fiſh and fowl,
\nd boil'd and bak'd, you heſitate by which
'ou ſunk oppreſs'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience ſoon you may diſcern
What pleaſes, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the ſicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with fev'riſh fluſhings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
Or much diminiſh or too much increaſe
Th' expence, which nature's wiſe œconomy,
Without or waſte or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger looſe,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;

They

They ſcarce can err amid the various ſtores
That burſt the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by ſagacious taſte, the ruthleſs king
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives;
The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve: Of milder ſeeds
The generous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh; tho' fabling Greece reſound
The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by inſtinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous Man
Is by ſuperior faculties miſled;
Miſled from pleaſure even in queſt of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek,
With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte,
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!

Is this for pleaſure? Learn a juſter taſte;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Purſue ſome nobler aim.
Diſmiſs your parafites, who praiſe for hire;
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the needy, ſhiver at your gates.
Even modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whoſe neglected bloom
Unfoſter'd ſickens in the barren ſhade;
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Conſtrain'd to leave his happy natal ſeat,
And ſigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miſeries abound,
A thouſand ways to waſte ſuperfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of ſickneſs or diſguſt.

But

But other ills th' ambiguous feaſt purſue,
Beſides provoking the laſcivious taſte.
Such various foods, tho' harmleſs each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we ſee
What ſtrife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taſte I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needleſly ſevere.
But would you long the ſweets of health enjoy,
Or huſband pleaſure; at one impious meal
Exhauſt not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not mean while
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, beſides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change innur'd.
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of uſe the kindeſt aliment
Sometimes offends; while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taſte

f all its gifts; ſo cuſtom has improv'd
his bent of nature; that few ſimple foods,
f all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
ıt by exceſs offend. Beyond the ſenſe
f light refection, at the genial board
ıdulge not often; nor protract the feaſt
o dull ſatiety; till ſoft and ſlow
drowzy death creeps on, th' expanſive ſoul
'ppreſs'd, and ſmother'd the celeſtial fire.
'he ſtomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
ſardly to nutrimental chyle ſubdues
'he ſofteſt food: unfiniſh'd and deprav'd,
'he chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
s turbid fountain; not by purer ſtreams
o to be clear'd, but foulneſs will remain.
'o ſparkling wine what ferment can exalt
'h' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic ſkill
'rom the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?

Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
)f plagues: but more immedicable ills
ıttend the lean extreme. For phyſic knows

How to diſburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity,
And with balſamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a ſecond ſpring;
Or the tall aſh, long raviſh'd from the ſoil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain:
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe.
Too greedily th' exhauſted veins abſorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-ſet ſiege
And famine humbled, may this verſe be borne;
And hear, ye hardieſt ſons that Albion breeds
Long toſs'd and famiſh'd on the wintry main;
The war ſhook off, or hoſpitable ſhore

Attain'd,

Attain'd, with temperance bear the ſhock of joy;
Nor crown with feſtive rites th' auſpicious day:
Such feaſt might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At firſt; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nouriſhing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,

Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour. But the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury, the wiſe indulge
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius ſheds
A feveriſh taint thro' the ſtill gulph of air.
The moiſt cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the freſh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will ſave your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded * Cauſos roll his waſteful fires.
Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to chear
His quaking heart. The ſeaſons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impoſe. Thro' autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending, nature by degrees invites

* The burning fever.

To

To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius fluſh'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, ſhepherds, then begin to ſpare your flocks;
And learn, with wiſe humanity, to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent ſky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone crèation; yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirſt of blood had ſeiz'd
The human breaſt.—Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole:
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtep-mother,
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields,

Untam'd, intractable, no harveſts wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe; for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of Ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuſe.
Theſe are their bread, the only bread they know;
Theſe, and their willing ſlave the deer that crops
The ſhrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
Her ſwarthy ſons in either Ind, maintains:
Or thirſty Libya; from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no ſweet repaſt affords;
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews feveriſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe;
Kind nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.

But here in livid ripeneſs melts the Grape:
Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Thro' the green ſhade the golden Orange glows:
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
A generous pulp: the Coco ſwells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The criſp Ananas wraps its poignant ſweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's ſmile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirſty ſouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air:
While the cool Palm, the Plaintain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage

The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſart down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the Eaſt;
And there, in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd,
The chearleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight! What ſtupendous ſhades
Enwrap theſe infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round;
And more gigantic ſtill th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are theſe the confines of ſome fairy world?

A land

A land of Genii? Say, beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,
That ſubterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The taſk remains to ſing
Your gifts (ſo Pæon, ſo the powers of health
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable ſtreams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer ſought the fires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feveriſh mirth,

And ſick dejection. Still ſerene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of Gods
Return to viſit their degenerate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the * Coan ſage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt: The lighteſt then; what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid; the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid ſides

* Hippocrates.

Pours

Pours down; ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream,
Through rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholeſome, pure
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirſt were e'er ſo reſolute, avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals;
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monſters;) till the power of fire
Has from prophane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.

Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow.
But where the ſtomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream: Tho' golden Ceres yields

A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring; with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th' embodied maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſcence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curſe not wine: The vile exceſs we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and miſery. For the ſubtle draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide;
And with more active poiſon, than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck

Of

Of ſober vows!—But the Parnaſſian Maids
* Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every treſpaſs ſhun. The feveriſh ſtrife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, ſubdues, expells
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is eaſier than to ſhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or ſacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages;
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by ſlow degrees:
By ſlow degrees the liberal arts are won;

* See Book iv.

And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane: and only with your friends.
There are ſweet follies; frailties to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, even ſober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, ſmooth and flow with balm,
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wiſe when youth with pleaſure flows,
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain!

What dextrous thouſands juſt within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!
Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head.

But

But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable diſeaſe old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime:
Except kind nature by ſome haſty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted; ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,
And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increaſing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their *elemental veins,

* In the human body, as well as in thoſe of other animals, the larger blood veſſels are compoſed of ſmaller ones; which, by the violent motion and preſſure of the fluids in the large veſſels, loſe their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as theſe ſmall veſſels become ſolid, the larger muſt of courſe grow leſs extenſile, more rigid, and make a ſtronger reſiſtance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condenſation of the ſmaller veſſels, and conſequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progreſs of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Condens'd

Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood.
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure, ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall;
Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viſcuous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vigorouſly are plied
By ſtrong machinery; and in ſolid health
The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life muſt downward tend.
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' ill-ſupported heart.
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelaſtic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill: And now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (ſo heav'n ordain'd it) life

Deſtroys

Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd,
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his ſong.

What does not fade? The tower that long had ſtood
The cruſh of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs,
Deſcend: the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf, ſhall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs:
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,

BEING, in various ſyſtems, fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep;
The old deſcending, in their turns to riſe,

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muſe has paſt;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain ſuch labours have we tried,
If aught theſe lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,

And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needleſly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength;
Is all the leſſon that in wholeſome years
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill beſtow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies;
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Eſculapius given;
He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To every caſualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peeviſh Eaſtern blaſt,

And

And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and ſober life;
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid; if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul.
Nor when bright Winter ſows with prickly froſt

The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, ſave when the ſkies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine
Or to the cloiſter'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal ſource
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting ſteed.
Already, ſee, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager ſport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chaſe the deſperate deer;
And thro' its deepeſt ſolitudes awake
The vocal foreſt with the jovial horn.

But if the breathleſs chaſe o'er hill and dale
Exceed your ſtrength; a ſport of leſs fatigue,
Not leſs delightful, the prolific ſtream
Affords. The cryſtal rivulet, that o'er
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze,

Swarms

Swarms with the ſilver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of paſtoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, ſprung from Cumbrian mountains; ſuch
The Eſk, o'erhung with woods; and ſuch the ſtream
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-ſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong: Tho' not a purer ſtream,
Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the weſtern main. Hail, ſacred flood!
May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt
In rural innocence; thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient ſteps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the ſlender line
And yielding rod ſollicite to the ſhore

The ſtruggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obſcur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.

Form'd on the Samian ſchool, or thoſe of Ind,
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains.
But if thro' genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream; the Garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight.
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground;
Or tame its ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity, that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou diſdain
To check the lawleſs riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,

(His

is fortune and his fame by worthy means
:ain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
; life approv'd by all the wiſe and good,
:n envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Epicurus, from this ſtormy world,
:eive to reſt; of all ungrateful cares
ſolv'd, and ſacred from the ſelfiſh crowd.
ppieſt of men! if the ſame ſoil invites
:hoſen few, companions of his youth,
ce fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
th whom in eaſy commerce to purſue
:ure's free charms, and vie for ſylvan fame:
'air ambition; void of ſtrife or guile,
jealouſy, or pain to be outdone.
:o plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
: viſto beſt, and beſt conducts the ſtream;
oſe groves the faſteſt thicken and aſcend;
om firſt the welcome ſpring ſalutes; who ſhews
: earlieſt bloom, the ſweeteſt proudeſt charms.
Flora; who beſt gives Pomona's juice
match the ſprightly genius of champain.
ice happy days! in rural buſineſs paſt:

Bleſt winter nights! when as the genial fire
Chears the wide hall, his cordial family
With ſoft domeſtic arts the hours beguile,
And pleaſing talk that ſtarts no timorous ſame,
With witleſs wantonneſs to hunt it down:
Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or ſong
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that ſtrikes humanity:
Till loſt in fable, they the ſtealing hour
Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof; while, o'er the light repaſt,
And ſprightly cups, they mix in ſocial joy;
And, thro' the maze of converſation, trace
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit,
Where ſenſe grows wild and takes of no manure
The decent, honeſt, chearful huſbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himſelf at home.

What

Whate'er you ſtudy, in whate'er you ſweat,
Indulge your taſte. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis ſome; and ſome the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked ſtubble; where from field to field
The ſounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the riſing cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom ſtill the * meed of the green archer charms.
He chuſes beſt, whoſe labour entertains
His vacant fancy moſt: The toil you hate
Fatigues you ſoon, and ſcarce improves your limbs.

As beauty ſtill has blemiſh; and the mind
The moſt accompliſh'd its imperfect ſide;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But ſome one part is weaker than the reſt:
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours. Theſe aſſiduouſly,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,

* This word is much uſed by ſome of the old Engliſh poets, and ſignifies *Reward* or *Prize*.

Acquire

Acquire a vigour and ſpringy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At firſt but ſaunter; and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins: as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,

O'erpower

O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: Oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma and feller * Peripneumony,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainleſs frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And ſcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purſu'd prolixly, even the gentleſt toil
Is waſte of health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows.
The fine and ſubtle ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life

* The inflammation of the lungs.

You toil to learn; or try the duſty chace,
Or the warm deeds of ſome important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wiſh'd repoſe; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taſte the ſpring. O! by the ſacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters, ſires,
Forbear! No other peſtilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this ſo fatal, the ſagacious Muſe
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
But there are ſecrets which who knows not now,
Muſt, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of Science; and devote ſeven years to toil.
Beſides, I would not ſtun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the ſhelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What ſigns portend the ſtorm: To ſubtler minds
He leaves to ſcan, from what myſterious cauſe
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence thoſe impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor ſail can ſtem; and why

The

The roughening deep expects the ſtorm, as ſure
As red Orion mounts the ſhrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For poliſh'd luxury and uſeful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic ſtrife,
And warm Paleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of Nard and Caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe, whom gelid ſkies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whoſe perſpiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate a ſkin
Too ſoft; or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd thro' ſuch precarious ways.
For thro' the ſmall arterial mouths, that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin,
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds.

While this eternal, this moſt copious, waſte
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move: But this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel
The functions labour: From this fatal ſource
What woes deſcend is never to be ſung.
To take their numbers were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the bluſtering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German ſhore.
Subject not then, by ſoft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the ſky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: For from the blood
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſteams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptic air,
Which breathe thro' ſtraiter and more callous pores.
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;
And hence our painted anceſtors defied

The Eaſt: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle ſky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean froſt:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwiſe you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt, the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: Study then your ſky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun.
Againſt the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern; and, where nought forbids,
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart: A frame ſo ſteel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatiſm;
The nerves ſo temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt ſuch hardy breaſts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who makes
By daily uſe the kindeſt regimen
Eſſential to his health, ſhould never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade purſue.

He not the ſafe viciſſitudes of life
Without ſome ſhock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unuſual things.
Beſides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in ſpite of all our care will come)
Should never with your proſperous days of health
Grow too familiar: For by frequent uſe
The ſtrongeſt medicines loſe their healing power,
And even the ſureſt poiſons theirs to kill.

Let thoſe who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the ſultry Weſt,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indoſtan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwiſt their ſtubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the ſoften'd ſkin
May bear proportion to the ſwelling blood.
So may they 'ſcape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution juſt enough to clear
The ſluices of the ſkin, enough to keep

The

The body ſacred from indecent ſoil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worſt woe;
With this external virtue Age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms
Are loathſome. This the venal Graces know;
So doubtleſs do your wives: For married fires,
As well as lovers, ſtill pretend to taſte;
Nor is it leſs (all prudent wives can tell)
To loſe a huſband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and ſeaſons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wandering ſong.
Some labour faſting, or but ſlightly fed
To lull the grinding ſtomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wiſely done: For while the thirſty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treaſur'd oil, then is the happieſt time
To ſhake the lazy balſam from its cells.

Now while the ſtomach from the full repaſt
Subſides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppreſſes yet, or threatens to oppreſs.
But from the recent meal no labours pleaſe,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering ſpirits to a work
Of ſtrong and ſubtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exerciſe,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elaſtic leſs.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By thoſe you 'ſcape
The ſlow diſeaſes of the torpid year;
Endleſs to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of ſlaves
Is pleaſure: Oh! from ſuch inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the ſun

Pour

Pours down his ſultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the ſkin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool caſcade
Reclin'd, or ſauntring in the lofty grove,
No needleſs flight occaſion ſhould engage
To pant and ſweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the freſh morn alone and mellow eve
To ſhady walks and active rural ſports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews deſcend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid ſkies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the ſolemn wood
While the ſoft evening ſaddens into night:
Tho' the ſweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in ſtrains of am'rous woe.

The ſhades deſcend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her ſable wings. Great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whoſe toil
Has o'er his languid powerleſs limbs diffus'd
A pleaſing laſſitude: He not in vain

Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His powers the moſt voluptuouſly diſſolve
In ſoft repoſe: On him the balmy dews
Of ſleep with double nutriment deſcend.
But would you ſweetly waſte the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Viſit the paradiſe of happy Dreams,
And waken chearful as the lively morn;
Oppreſs not Nature ſinking down to reſt
With feaſts too late, too ſolid, or too full:
But be the firſt concoction half-matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence reſign
Your paſſive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The buſy dæmons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury ſtruggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoiſe of that moſt wretched man,
Whoſe nights are ſhaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Oreſtes; whoſe delirious brain,

Stung

Stung by the Furies, works with poiſon'd thought:
While pale and monſtrous painting ſhocks the ſoul;
And mangled conſciouſneſs bemoans itſelf
For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
What dreams preſage, what dangers theſe or thoſe
Portend to ſanity, tho' prudent ſeers
Reveal'd of old and men of deathleſs fame,
We would not to the ſuperſtitious mind
Suggeſt new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To baniſh omens and all reſtleſs woes.

In ſtudy ſome protract the ſilent hours,
Which others conſecrate to mirth and wine;
And ſleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But ſurely this redeems not from the ſhades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What ſeaſon you to drowſy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, freſh and vigorous from repoſe,

Defies

Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhauſted and unſtrung,
Weakly reſiſts the night's unwholeſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the ſkin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the ſickning functions ſteal.
As, when the chilling Eaſt invades the ſpring,
The delicate Narciſſus pines away
In hectic languor; and a ſlow diſeaſe
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil ſubdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind
Sleep faſt and deep: their active functions ſoon
With generous ſtreams the ſubtle tubes ſupply;
And ſoon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of indolence with long repoſe,
Grow torpid; and with ſloweſt Lethe drunk,

Feebly

Feebly and lingringly return to life,
Blunt every ſenſe and pow'rleſs every limb.
Ye, prone to ſleep (whom ſleeping moſt annoys)
On the hard matraſs or elaſtic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourſelves from ſloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And ſpringy nerves, the blandiſhments of down:
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feaſt
Of life, the wants of nature has ſupply'd
Who riſes, cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.
But pliant nature more or leſs demands,
As cuſtom forms her; and all ſudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage;
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.

Obſerve the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! Behold! by ſlow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer ſheds Pomona's ſtore;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-ſtorm.
Slow as they come, theſe changes come not void
Of mortal ſhocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal Autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well adviſ'd who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils,
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade;
And late reſign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays.
For while the effluence of the ſkin maintains
Its native meaſure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmleſs by; and Autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the Eaſt:
But you perhaps refuſe the tedious ſong.
Beſides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moiſture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the ſky,
And taught already how to each extream
To bend your life. But ſhould the public bane
Infect you; or ſome treſpaſs of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleaſing horror glides
Along the ſpine, thro' all your torpid limbs;
When firſt the head throbs, or the ſtomach feels
A ſickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celſus call'd: The Fates come ruſhing on;
The rapid Fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally ſecure,
Expect to-morrow's more auſpicious ſun,
The growing peſt, whoſe infancy was weak
And eaſy vanquiſh'd, with triumphant ſway

O'er-

O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What ſlight neglects, what trivial faults deſtroy
The hardieſt frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of ſuperfluity:
The all-ſurrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be ſhut; tho' no convulſive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' impriſoned plagues; a ſecret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has ſad Byzantium ſeen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her ſlaughter'd ſons and lonely ſtreets!
Even Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies,
Albion the poiſon of the Gods has drank,
And felt the ſting of monſters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had ſpent
Their ancient rage, at Boſworth's purple field;

While

While, for which tyrant England ſhould receive,
Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid Fury not, like other peſts,
Purſu'd a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſes the land.

Firſt thro' the ſhoulders, or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung.
With raſh combuſtion thence, the quivering ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores, the melted blood
Guſh'd out in ſmoaky ſweats; but nought aſſuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The ſtomach's anguiſh. With inceſſant toil,
Deſperate of eaſe, impatient of their pain,

They

They toſs'd from ſide to ſide. In vain the ſtream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirſted ſtill.
The reſtleſs arteries with rapid blood
Beat ſtrong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav
At laſt a heavy pain oppreſs'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were ſtrangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harraſs'd with toil on toil, the ſinking powers
Lay proſtrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous ſleep
Wrapt all the ſenſes up: they ſlept and died.

In ſome a gentle horror crept at firſt
O'er all the limbs; the ſluices of the ſkin
Withheld their moiſture, till by art provok'd
The ſweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now reſtrain'd and ſlow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid ſteam
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)

With full effuſion of perpetual ſweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who ſurviv'd the ſun's diurnal race
Roſe from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the ſixth hour oppreſs'd, and ſome the third.

Of many thouſands few untainted 'ſcap'd;
Of thoſe infected fewer 'ſcap'd alive;
Of thoſe who liv'd ſome felt a ſecond blow;
And whom the ſecond ſpar'd a third deſtroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they ſought by flight to ſhun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying ſwarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her ſeats around,
Th' infected country ruſh'd into the town.
Some, ſad at home, and in the deſart ſome,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates purſu'd.
Others, with hopes more ſpecious, croſs'd the main,
To ſeek protection in far diſtant ſkies;
But none they found. It ſeem'd the general air,

From pole to pole, from Atlas to the Eaſt,
Was then at enmity with Engliſh blood.
For, but the race of England, all were ſafe
In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taſte
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where ſhould they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them ſtill; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The ſalutary art
Was mute; and, ſtartled at the new diſeaſe,
In fearful whiſpers hopeleſs omens gave.
To Heaven with ſuppliant rites they ſent their pray'rs;
Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain reſources; and ſubdued
With woes reſiſtleſs and enfeebling fear;
Paſſive they ſunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable ſounds was heard,
Nor aught was ſeen but ghaſtly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the buſineſs then
To tend the ſick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they ſay,
The ſick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye powers
That o'er th' incircling elements preſide!
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the Weſt, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wandering ſong.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

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THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The uſe of Toil and all external things,
Already ſung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourſelves proceeds:
And how the ſubtle Principle within
Inſpires with health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive Body. Ye poetic Shades,
Who know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,
Aſſiſt my ſong! For, in a doubtful theme

Engag'd, I wander thro' myſterious ways.

There is, they ſay, (and I believe there is)
A ſpark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the groſſer frame;
And when the body ſinks eſcapes to heaven,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleaſure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its ſecret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric: for by ſubtle parts
And viewleſs atoms, ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world.
By ſubtle fluids pour'd thro' ſubtle tubes

The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild; and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for ſtill the ſoul's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor akes itſelf, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Diſcontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
The Lover's paleneſs; and the ſallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy; the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence

Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The ſtrong-built pedant; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe
Employ your mind, amuſe but not fatigue.
Peace to each drouſy metaphyſic ſage!
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!
Yet ſome there are, even of elaſtic parts,
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their generous taſte
Would elſe refuſe. But may nor thirſt of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the liberal ſoul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from Philoſophy
To Fable ſhift; from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.

While

While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read;
And read aloud reſounding Homer's ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes.
The cheſt ſo exercis'd improves its ſtrength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: To ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind. For ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent, it ſtarves the groſſer powers:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, ſad nurſe of Care,
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind.
There Madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,

Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The ſun grows pale;
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The chearful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary deſart, and heaven frowns above.
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monſters teems
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltleſs bre

Such phantoms Pride in ſolitary ſcenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares abſolv'd, the buſy mind
Finds in yourſelf a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miſerable, or makes you ſo.
For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore,
Timorous Self-love, with ſickning Fancy's aid
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part.

: ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
rim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
loſt their reaſon: ſome for fear of want
all their lives; and others every day
ar of dying ſuffer worſe than death.
from your boſoms baniſh, if you can,
: fatal gueſts: and firſt the Dæmon Fear;
trembles at impoſſible events,
ged Atlas ſhould reſign his load,
ieaven's eternal battlements ruſh down.
re an evil worſe than Fear itſelf?
vhat avails it, that indulgent heaven
mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
, ingenious to torment ourſelves,
pale at hideous fictions of our own?
the preſent; nor with needleſs cares,
iat may ſpring from blind misfortune's womb,
l the ſureſt hour that life beſtows.
, and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
hat may come; and leave the reſt to Heaven.

from the Body, by long ails miſtun'd,

Theſe

Theſe evils ſprung the moſt important health,
That of the Mind, deſtroy: and when the mind
They firſt invade, the conſcious body ſoon
In ſympathetic languiſhment declines.
Theſe chronic Paſſions, while from real woes
They riſe, and yet without the body's fault
Infeſt the ſoul, admit one only cure;
Diverſion, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.
Vain are the conſolations of the wiſe;
In vain your friends would reaſon down your pain.
O ye, whoſe ſouls relentleſs love has tam'd
To ſoft diſtreſs, or friends untimely fal'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget thoſe pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt! quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling croud;
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan in queſt of ſcenes

New

New to your eyes, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more advent'rous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the ſky,
The lofty trumpet ſwells the madd'ning ſoul:
And in the hardy camp and toilſome march
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.

But moſt too paſſive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to ſtrive with pain,
And bravely by reſiſting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poiſon'd Nectar ſweet oblivion ſwill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom diſſolves
In empty air; Elyſium opens round,
A pleaſing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd ſoul,
And ſanguine hopes diſpel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your proweſs and ſuperior ſtars:
The happieſt you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or ſhall be, could this folly laſt.
But ſoon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom

Shuts

Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring ſtream,
Swoln o'er its banks with ſudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a ſilent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breaſt
Subſide, you languiſh into mortal man;
You ſleep, and waking find yourſelf undone.
For prodigal of life in one raſh night
You laviſh'd more than might ſupport three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious ſtomach well
May be endur'd; ſo may the throbbing head:
But ſuch a dim delirium, ſuch a dream,
Involves you; ſuch a daſtardly deſpair
Unmans your ſoul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel ſides,
He ſaw two Suns, and double Thebes aſcend.
You curſe the ſluggiſh Port; you curſe the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture firſt
Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
A thouſand curſes; for to heav'n it rapt
Your ſoul, to plunge you deeper in deſpair.

Perhaps

Perhaps you rue even that divineſt gift,
The gay, ſerene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the freſh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wiſh that heaven from mortals had with-held
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Beſides, it wounds you ſore to recollect
What follies in your looſe unguarded hour
Eſcap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you loſe a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your haſty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutiſhly transform'd,
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wiſh you well, he wiſhes you in heaven.
Deſpis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A ſacred, cheriſh'd, ſadly-pleaſing name;
A name ſtill to be utter'd with a ſigh.
Your laſt ungraceful ſcene has quite effac'd
All ſenſe and memory of your former worth.

How to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The Precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind,
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen; he ſtudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
Our aim is happineſs; 'tis yours 'tis mine,
He ſaid, 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.

But they the wideſt wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddeſs; that from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.
For, not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds,
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon grow ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick,
And, cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt: be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend; be buſy even in vain
Rather than teize her ſated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.
Let nature reſt: and when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt.
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours

Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and, truſt me, ſtill
A faithleſs Heart betrays the Head unſound.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is Senſe and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping time.
The gawdy gloſs of fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Senſe alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make Humanity the Miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Paſſions, how to check their ſway

He knew, as far as Reaſon can controul
The lawleſs Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the ſchool of Pæon, I relate
What Paſſions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and ſerene
Supports the mind, ſupports the body too.
Hence, the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the ſoul.
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind deluſion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is Hope: the laſt of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Paſſions grateful to the breaſt,
And yet no friends to Life: perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul;
Or while they pleaſe, torment. The ſtubborn Clown,
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Uſurer,

(If Love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes. But, ye finer Souls,
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reſerve
Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens; ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or even with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and powers of life
Diſſolve in languor. The coy ſtomach loaths
The genial board: Your chearful days are gone;
The generous bloom that fluſh'd your cheeks is fled.
To ſighs devoted and to tender pains,
Penſive you ſit, or ſolitary ſtray,
And waſte your youth in muſing. Muſing firſt
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart:
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,

And that fomented into ſerious love;
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondneſs and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be ſhun'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, a ſweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have died for love; and ſome run mad;
And ſome with deſperate hands themſelves have ſlain.

Some

Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of Love amongſt an hundred Brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick.
For while from feveriſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the ſoul ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with every ſting,
And what was Love before is Madneſs now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate ſtill: When Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or looſe Imagination, ſpurs you on
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without;
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,

A tedious

A tedious taſk; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd you riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhauſted, and your nerves unſtrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and reſtleſs ſprings from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diſeaſes haunt you; and untimely Age
Creeps on; unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, chearfulneſs, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour purſue.

Who pines with Love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:

He chuſes to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a Paſſion, whoſe tempeſtuous ſway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruins proud Philoſophy.
For pale and trembling Anger ruſhes in,
With fault'ring ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare;
Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſperate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength.
How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in Love, or waſtes with ſilent Cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly deſcends, and ling'ring, to the ſhades.
But he whom Anger ſtings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and ruſhes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;
As is the Paſſion, ſuch is ſtill the Pain
The Body feels: or chronic, or acute.
And oft a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpowers

The Life, or gives your Reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of Fear,
And ſudden Grief, and Rage, and ſudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boiſt'rous fit
Is Health, and only fills the ſails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung,
Wave all diſpute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever; and forſwear the Bowl.
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,

O'erwhelms

O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may be wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in Proſe or Song,
To tame the Fiend that ſleeps a gentle Lamb,
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reaſon well; ſee as you ought to ſee,
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours.
Beſet with Furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow:
With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:
What refuge ſhall we ſeek? what arms prepare?

Where

Where Reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with ſubtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new Paſſions to your aid:
With Indignation would extinguiſh Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquiſh Rage,
And Love with Pride; and force to force oppoſe.

There is a Charm, a Power, that ſways the breaſt;
Bids every Paſſion revel or be ſtill;
Inſpires with Rage, or all your Cares diſſolves;
Can ſooth Diſtraction, and almoſt Deſpair.
That power is Muſic: Far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage;
Thoſe clumſy Heroes, thoſe fat-headed Gods,
Who move no paſſion juſtly but Contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praiſe them: we, with loudeſt peals,
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels;
And, with inſipid ſhew of rapture, die

Of

Of ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
Who, with bold rage or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Inflames, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul;
Now tender, plaintive, ſweet almoſt to pain,
In Love diſſolves you; now in ſprightly ſtrains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaſt;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the Bard, whoſe heavenly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame ſay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian, whoſe melodious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſic exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,

Expels

Expels Diſeaſes, ſoftens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poiſon, and the Plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Phyſic, Melody, and Song.

THE END.

OF

BENEVOLENCE:

AN

EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

*** This little piece was addreſſed to a worthy Gentleman, as an expreſſion of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of ſervice.

OF

BENEVOLENCE:

AN

EPISTLE to EUMENES.

KIND to my frailties ſtill, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.
Not oft I ſing: the happier for the town,
So ſtun'd already they're quite ſtupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.
Happy for them, I ſeldom court the Nine;
Another art, a ſerious art is mine.
Of nauſeous verſes offer'd once a week,
You cannot ſay I did it, if you're ſick.

'Twas ne'er my pride to ſhine by ſlaſhy ſits
Amongſt the daily, weekly, monthly wits.
Content if ſome few friends indulge my name,
So ſlightly am I ſtung with love of fame,
I would not ſcrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praiſe of all the Magazines.

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I ſteal a night;
And, if our ſire Apollo pleaſes, write.
You ſmile; but all the train the Muſe that follow,
Chriſtians and dunces, ſtill we quote Apollo.
Unhappy ſtill our poets will rehearſe
To Goths, that ſtare aſtoniſh'd at their verſe;
To the rank tribes ſubmit their virgin lays:
So groſs, ſo beſtial, is the luſt of praiſe!

I to ſound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to thoſe who moſt my ſubject feel.
Eumenes, theſe dry moral lines I truſt
With you, whom nought that's moral can diſguſt.

With

With you I venture, in plain home-ſpun ſenſe,
What I imagine of Benevolence.

Of all the monſters of the human kind,
What ſtrikes you moſt is the low ſelfiſh mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The ſteady miſer can his years employ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Deſpis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honeſt warmth of heart, with ſome degree
Of pity that ſuch wretched things ſhould be,
You ſcorn the ſordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himſelf the wiſer of the two.—
'Tis all but taſte, howe'er we ſift the caſe;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boaſt an angel's ſhare,
Yet has what happineſs his organs bear.
Thou likewiſe mad'ſt the high ſeraphic ſoul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl.

Heav'n form'd *him* too, and doubtleſs for ſome uſe;
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taſte, or blunt, or groſs, or fine,
Makes life inſipid, beſtial, or divine.
Better be born with taſte to little rent,
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty which the Gods beſtow,
Can fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might fortune in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an Oyſter ſovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and boſom juſtly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majeſtic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale ſtucco Rubens lines the room;
Loſt are the raptures of bold Handel's ſtrain;
Great Tully ſtorms, ſweet Virgil ſings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effaced;
Tempe's ſoft charms, the raging waves of Neath

Each greatly-wild, each ſweet romantic ſcene
Unheeded riſes, and almoſt unſeen.

Yet theſe are joys, with ſome of better clay,
To ſooth the toils of life's embarras'd way.
Theſe the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all Taſte the nobleſt and the beſt,
The firſt enjoyment of the generous breaſt,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious ſtate
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate:
Fair views of nature, ſhining works of art,
Amuſe the fancy: but *thoſe* touch the heart:
Chiefly for this proud epic ſong delights,
For this ſome riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each caſe is ours: and for the human mind
'Tis monſtrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taſte
Elyſium? or be ſolitarily bleſt?

Shock'd with ſurrounding ſhapes of human woe,
All that or ſenſe or fancy could beſtow,
You would reject with ſick and coy diſdain,
And pant to ſee one chearful face again.

But if life's better proſpects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleaſing view!
This is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame fortune has ſo many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles where nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to ſurprize a friend;
To chear the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate;
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;

Deeds

Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a ſolid fame:
Theſe are ſuch joys as heaven's firſt favourites ſeize;
Theſe pleaſe you now, and will for ever pleaſe.

Too ſeldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occaſion muſt conſpire.
Yet few there are ſo impotent and low,
But can ſome ſmall good offices beſtow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add ſtill ſomething to the general ſum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can beſtow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind eſſay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;

Who, ſcornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a diſtant lover's ſilent pain
Muſt the beſt movements of his ſoul reſtrain.
But men ſagacious to explore mankind
Trace even the coyeſt paſſions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad diſtreſs demands it ſtill.
This with the generous lays diſtinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that reſentment never ought to riſe;
For even exceſs of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villainies no bench can awe,
That ſport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blaſts a helpleſs virgin's fame.

Where

Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjuſt nor mean
To ſeize the proper time for honeſt ſpleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even inſult the baſe in humbled ſtate;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis ſomewhat late to be ſo primitive.

But I detain you with theſe tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praiſe.
No matter: could I pleaſe the poliſh'd few
Who taſte the ſerious or the gay like you,
The ſqueamiſh mob may find my verſes bare
Of every grace—but curſe Me if I care.
Beſides, I little court Parnaſſian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it ſaid
That I with you the paths of honour tread,

That

Than that amongſt the proud poetic train
No modern boaſted a more claſſic vein;
Or that in numbers I let looſe my ſong,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn ſtrong.

TASTE:

AN

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG CRITIC.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLIII.

Preferre quæ ſentiat cur quiſquam liber dubitet?—Malim, mehercule, ſolus inſanire, quam ſobrius aut plebis aut patrum delirationibus ignaviter aſſentari.——Autor anonym. Fragm.

TASTE:

AN

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG CRITIC.

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, t'utmoſt Groſvenor-ſtreet:
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn;
Miſs not, be ſure, my Lords and Gentlemen;
You'll hardly raiſe, as I with * *Petty* gueſs,
Above twelve thouſand men of taſte; unleſs
In deſperate times a *Connoiſſeur* may paſs.

* Sir William Petty, author of the *Political Arithmetic.*

" A Con-

" A Connoiſſeur! What's that?" 'Tis hard to ſay:
But you muſt oft amidſt the fair and gay
Have ſeen a wou'd-be rake, a fluttering fool,
Who ſwears he loves the ſex with all his ſoul.
Alas, vain youth! doſt thou admire ſweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
You'd ſplit to hear th' inſipid coxcomb cry
Ah charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die!—
Die and be d—n'd, ſays one; but let me tell ye
I'll pay the loſs if ever rapture kill ye.

'Tis eaſy learnt the art to talk by rote:
At Nando's 'twill but coſt you half a groat;
The Bedford ſchool at three-pence is not dear, Sir;
At White's—*the ſtars inſtruct you* for a teſter.
But he, whom nature never meant to ſhare
One ſpark of taſte, will never catch it there:—
Nor no where elſe; howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

Good

Good native Taſte, tho' rude, is ſeldom wrong,
Be it in muſic, painting, or in ſong.
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
I know, my dear; 'tis needleſs to deny 't,
You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:
But ſeven years hence, your reliſh more matur'd,
What now delights will hardly be endur'd.
The boy may live to taſte Racine's fine charms,
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;
Or with Eraſmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squab-hall *of merry memory*;
Will die a Goth: and nod at *Woden's feaſt,
Th' eternal winter long, on §Gregory's breaſt.

* Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's hall; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors out of the ſkulls of thoſe whom they had ſlain in battle.

§ Pope Gregory the VIth, diſtinguiſhed by the name of St. Gregory;

Long may he ſwill, this patriarch of the dull,
The drowſy Mum—But touch not Maro's ſkull!
His holy barbarous dotage ſought to doom,
Good heaven! th' immortal claſſics to the tomb!—
Thoſe ſacred lights ſhall bid new genius riſe
When all Rome's ſaints have rotted from the ſkies.
Be theſe your guides, if at the ivy crown
You aim; each country's claſſics, and your own.
But chiefly with the ancients paſs your prime,
And drink Caſtalia at the fountain's brim.
The man to genuine Burgundy bred up,
Soon ſtarts the daſh of Methuen in his cup.

Thoſe ſovereign maſters of the Muſes ſkill
Are the true patterns of good writing ſtill.
Their ore was rich and ſeven times purg'd of lead;
Their art ſeem'd nature, 'twas ſo finely hid,

Gregory; whoſe pious zeal, in the cauſe of barbarous ignorance and prieſtly tyranny, exerted itſelf in demoliſhing, to the utmoſt of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.

Tho'

Tho' born with all the powers of writing well,
What pains it coſt they did not bluſh to tell.
Their eaſe (my Lords!) ne'er lovung'd for want of fire,
Nor did their rage thro' affectation tire.
Free from all tawdry and impoſing glare
They truſted to their native grace of air.
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling ſoul they ſeize,
Or ſly coy beauties ſteal it by degrees;
The more you view them ſtill the more they
pleaſe.

Yet there are thouſands of ſcholaſtic merit
Who worm their ſenſe out but ne'er taſte their ſpirit.
Witneſs each pedant under Bentley bred;
Each commentator that e'er commented.
(You ſcarce can ſeize a ſpot of claſſic ground,
With leagues of Dutch moraſs ſo floated round.)
Witneſs — but, Sir, I hold a cautious pen,
Leſt I ſhould *wrong* ſome *honourable men*.

They grow enthuſiaſts too—*'Tis true!* *'tis pity!*
But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
Some have run Maro—and ſome Milton—mad,
Aſhley once turn'd a ſolid barber's head:
Hear all that's ſaid or printed if you can,
Aſhley has turn'd more ſolid heads than one.

Let ſuch admire each great or ſpecious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the ſame.
"Right!" Yes a thouſand times.—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard,
Deſpiſe them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a deſperate part.
Why ſhould you teize one for what ſecret cauſe
One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras?
'Tis cruel, Sir, 'tis needleſs, to endeavour
To teach a ſot of Taſte he knows no flavour.
To diſunite I neither wiſh nor hope
A ſtubborn blockhead from his fav'rite ſop.

Yes—

Yes—ſop I ſay, were Maro's ſelf before 'em:
For Maro's ſelf grows dull as they pore o'er him.

But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhime
Dub'd by the muſk'd and greaſy mob ſublime.
For ſpleen's dear ſake hear how a coxcomb prates
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats;
"*Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,*
"*To ſoften rocks, and oaks,*"—and all the reſt:
"*I've heard*"—Bleſs theſe long ears!—"Heav'ns what a ſtrain!
"Good God! What thunders burſt in this *Campaign!*
"Hark Waller warbles! Ah! how ſweetly killing!
"Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!
"Rowe breathes all Shakeſpear here!—That ode of "Prior
"Is Spencer quite! egad his very fire!—
"As like"—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the roſe,
Or as to Claret flat Minorca's doſe;
As like as (if I am not groſly wrong)
Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer ſung.

Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruſe
Each fav'rite modern, ev'n each ancient muſe.
With all the comic ſalt and tragic rage
The great ſtupendous genius of our ſtage,
Boaſt of our iſland, pride of human-kind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.
His frailties are to ev'ry goſſip known:
Yet Milton's pedantries not ſhock the town.
Ne'er be the dupe of Names, however high;
For ſome outlive good parts, ſome miſapply.
Each elegant Spectator you admire;
But muſt you therefore ſwear by Cato's fire?
Maſques for the court, and oft a clumſey jeſt,
Diſgrac'd the muſe that wrought the Alchemiſt.
"But to the ancients."—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the ſmooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which laſts in proſe or ſong,
Two thouſand years, deſerves to laſt ſo long.
For not to mention ſome eternal blades
Known only now in th' academic ſhades,

(Thoſe ſacred groves where raptur'd ſpirits ſtray,
And in word-hunting waſte the live-long day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics ſcan,
Do, read *Meſſala's praiſes if you can.
Ah! who but feels the ſweet contagious ſmart
While ſoft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the Loves and Muſes melt in tears;
But not a word of ſome hexameters.
"You grow ſo ſqueamiſh and ſo dev'liſh dry,
"You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I.
Some find him tedious, others think him lame:
But if he lags his ſubject is to blame.
Rough weary roads thro' barren wilds he tried,
Yet ſtill he marches with true Roman pride:
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He ſtreams athwart the philoſophic night.
Find you in Horace no inſipid Odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer ſometimes nods;

* A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verſe; as yawning and inſipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

And but for ſuch a critic's hardy ſkill
Homer might ſlumber unſuſpected ſtill.

Taſteleſs, implicit, indolent and tame,
At ſecond-hand we chiefly praiſe or blame.
Hence 'tis, for elſe one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flouriſh for a year or two:
For many ſome, more wond'rous ſtill to tell;
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.
Of ſolid merit others pine unknown;
At firſt, tho' * Carlos ſwimmingly went down,
Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town.
Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay
'Till Sommer's hand produc'd him to the day.
But, thanks to heav'n and Addiſon's good grace
Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chace.

Specious and ſage, the ſovereign of the flock
Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock

* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and juſtly forgotten, went off with great applauſe; while his Orphan, a

Reluctant

Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
Or crop the downs, or headlong ſeek the main.
As blindly we our ſolemn leaders follow,
And good, and bad, and execrable ſwallow.

Pray, on the firſt throng'd evening of a play
That wears the **facies hippocratica*,
Strong lines of death, ſigns dire of reprobation;
Have you not ſeen the angel of ſalvation
Appear ſublime; with wiſe and ſolemn rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?—
The rabble knows not where our dramas ſhine;
But where the cane goes pat—*by G— that's fine!*

Judge for yourſelf; nor wait with timid phlegm
'Till ſome illuſtrious pedant hum or hem.

ſomewhat better performance, and what is yet more ſtrange, his Venice Preſerved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of thoſe times, met with a very cold reception.

* The appearance of the face in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, as it is deſcribed by Hippocrates.

The

The lords who ſtarv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd.
Their ſons, whoſe ears bold Milton could not ſeize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and ſnuff and ſneeze,
And ſwear, and ſeem as tickled as you pleaſe.
Their ſpawn, the pride of this ſublimer age,
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.
Tho' liv'd he now he might appeal with ſcorn
To Lords, Knights, 'Squires and Doctors, yet unborn;
Or juſtly mad to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choiceſt children of his brain.
Judge for yourſelf; and as you find report
Of wit as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds! ſhall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whoſe brain is fancileſs, whoſe blood is white;
A mumbling ape of taſte; preſcribe us laws
To try the poets, for no better cauſe

That

Than that he boaſts *per ann.* ten thouſand clear,
Yelps in the Houſe, or barely ſits a Peer?
For ſhame! for ſhame! the liberal Britiſh ſoul
To ſtoop to any ſtale dictator's rule!

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends with foes 'twill out.
Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimſy vein,
Tame characters, unintereſting, jejune,
And paſſions drily copied from *Le Brun.

* Firſt painter to Lewis XIV. who, to ſpeak in faſhionable French Engliſh, *called himſelf* LEWIS THE GREAT. Our ſovereign lords the paſſions, Love, Rage, Deſpair, &c. were graciouſly pleaſed to ſit to him in their turns for their portraits: which he was generous enough to communicate to the public; to the great improvement, no doubt, of hiſtory-painting. It was he who they ſay poiſon'd Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages in many other reſpects, was ſo unreaſonable and provoking as to diſplay a genius with which his own could ſtand no compariſon. It was he and his Gothic diſciples, who, with fly ſcratches, defac'd the moſt maſterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could ſnugly reach them. Yet after all theſe atchievements he died in his bed! A cataſtrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the *fine arts* are as zealouſly and judiciouſly patroniſed as they are well underſtood.

For

For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.
But in the name of goodneſs, muſt I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could ſee?
And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our Lords with filthy praiſe beſmears,
And ſing an Anthem to ALL MINISTERS:
Taſte th' Attic ſalt in ev'ry Peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.

Alas! ſo far from free, ſo far from brave,
We dare not ſhew the little Taſte we have.
With us you'll ſee ev'n vanity controul
The moſt refin'd ſenſations of the ſoul.
Sad Otway's ſcenes, great Shakeſpear's we defy:
"Lard, Madam! 'tis ſo unpolite to cry!—
"For ſhame, my dear! d'ye credit all this ſtuff?—
"I vow—well, this is innocent enough?"

Athens long ago, the Ladies — (married)
eamt not they miſbehav'd tho' they miſcarried,
hen a wild poet with licentious rage
ırn'd fifty furies looſe upon the ſtage.

They were ſo tender and ſo eaſy mov'd,
:av'ns! how the Grecian ladies muſt have lov'd!
ır all the fine ſenſations ſtill have dwelt,
rhaps, where one was exquiſitely felt.
hus he who heavenly Maro truly feels
ands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
he groſſer ſenſes too, the taſte, the ſmell,
re likely trueſt where the fine prevail:
'ho doubts that Horace muſt have cater'd well?
:iend, I'm a ſhrewd obſerver, and will gueſs
'hat books you doat on from your fav'rite meſs.
:own and L'Eſtrange will ſurely charm whome'er
he frothy pertneſs ſtrikes of weak ſmall-beer.

Who

Who ſteeps the calf's fat loin in greaſy ſauce
Will hardly loathe the praiſe that baſtes an aſs.
Who riots on Scotcht Collops ſcorns not any
Inſipid, fulſome, traſhy miſcellany;
And who devours whate'er the cook can diſh up,
Will for a claſſic conſecrate each * biſhop.

But I am ſick of pen and ink; and you
Will find this letter long enough. Adieu!

* See Felton's Claſſics.

IMITATIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE AND SPENCER.

Advertiſement from the Publiſher.

THE following Imitation of Shakeſpear was one of our Author's firſt attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It help'd to amuſe the ſolitude of a winter paſt in a wild romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was juſt finiſhed when Mr. Thomſon's celebrated poem upon the ſame ſubject appeared. Mr. Thomſon, ſoon hearing of it, had the curioſity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He ſhewed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it ſeems, did great honour to it; and the firſt-mentioned Gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, deſiring the author's leave to publiſh it; a requeſt too flattering to youthful vanity to be reſiſted. But Mr. Mallet altered his mind; and this little piece has hitherto remained unpubliſhed.

The other Imitations of Shakeſpear happen to have been ſaved out of the ruins of an unfiniſh'd tragedy on the ſtory of *Tereus* and *Philomela*; attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for ſuch atchievements. However, they are here exhibited for the ſake of ſuch gueſts as may like a little repaſt of ſcraps.

IMITATIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

NOW Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the ſouth ſide of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day.
While Winter riſing pale from northern ſeas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blaſt ſo ſhrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unfinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their ſavage tenements.

Now blows the ſurly north, and chills throughout
The ſtiffening regions; while, by ſtronger charms

Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all beſtill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds: and the raſh flood
That from the mountains held its headſtrong courſe,
Buried in livid ſheets of vaulting ice,
Seen thro' the ſhameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a ſcanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderneſs
That ſcorns our miles, and calls Geography
A ſhallow pryer; from whoſe unſteady mirrour
The high-hung pole ſurveys his dancing locks;
When this ſtill-raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its ſwelling boſom to the winds.
The ſurges, baited by the fierce north-eaſt
Toſſing with fretful ſpleen their angry heads
To roar and ruſh together,
Even in the foam of all their madneſs ſtruck
To monumental ice, ſtand all aſtride

The

The rocks they waſhed ſo late. Such execution,
So ſtern, ſo ſudden, wrought the griſly aſpect
Of terrible Meduſa, ere young Perſeus
With his keen ſabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her ſerpents rowling on the duſt;
When wandering thro' the woods ſhe frown'd to ſtone
Their ſavage tenants: juſt as the foaming lion
Sprung furious on his prey, her ſpeedier power
Outrun his haſte; no time to languiſh in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he ſtands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argoſies
Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abyſm
Has chang'd our ſhips to horſes; the ſwift bark
Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,
That now from iſle to iſle maintain the trade;
And where the ſurface-haunting Dolphin led
Her ſportive young, is now an area fit
For the wild ſchool-boy's paſtime.

Meantime the evening ſkies, cruſted with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty ſkirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills; and ſtealing night
Rides the bleak puffing winds, that ſeem to ſpit
Their foam ſparſe thro' the welkin, which is nothing
If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heaven
Shakes from its ample ſieve the boulted ſnow;
That fluttering down beſprinkles the ſad trees
In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills
To monſtrous altitude, and choaks to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, Nature's vaſty breaches.
While all the pride of men and mortal things
Lies whelm'd in heaven's white ruins. —

The ſhivering clown digs his obſtructed way
Thro' the ſnow-barricadoed cottage door;
And muffled in his home-ſpun plaid encounters

With

With livid cheeks and rheum-diſtilling noſe
The morning's ſharp and ſcourging breath; to count
His ſtarving flock whoſe number's all too ſhort
To make the goodly ſum of yeſter-night:
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet ſtruggling
With their laſt pantings melt themſelves a grave
In Winter's boſom; which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid creſcet of this world,
That now with lean and churliſh huſbandry
Yields heartleſly the remnants of his prime;
And like moſt ſpendthrifts ſtarves his latter days
For former rankneſs. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own diſgrace; the harneſs'd waſte
Rebellious to his blunt defeated ſhafts;
And idly ſtrikes the chalky mountains tops
That riſe to kiſs the Welkin's ruddy lips;
Where all the raſh young bullies of the air
Mount their quick ſlender penetrating wings,

Whipping the froſt-burnt villagers to the bones;
And growing with their motion mad and furious,
'Till ſwoln to tempeſts they out-rage the thunder;
Winnow the chaffy ſnow, and mock the ſkies
Even with their own artillery retorted;
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills
Into the vallies. And as rude hurricanes,
Diſcharged from the wind-ſwoln cheeks of heaven,
Buoy up the ſwilling ſkirts of Araby's
Inhoſpitable wilds,
And roll the duſty deſart thro' the ſkies,
Choaking the liberal air, and ſmothering
Whole caravans at once; ſuch havock ſpreads
This war of heaven and earth, ſuch ſudden ruin
Viſits their houſeleſs citizens, that ſhrink
In the falſe ſhelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempeſt howling o'er their heads
That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
Thoſe few that troop'd not with the chimeing tribe

Of

Of amorous Summer, quit their ruffian element;
And with domeſtic tameneſs hop and flutter
Within the roofs of perſecuting man,
(Grown hoſpitable by like ſenſe of ſufferance;)
Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day diſcharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, ſhut the door
On ſurly Winter; croud the clean-ſwept hearth
And chearful ſhining fire; and doff the time,
The whilſt the maids their twirling ſpindles ply,
With muſty legends and ear-pathing tales;
Of giants, and black necromantic bards,
Of air-built caſtles, feats of madcap knights,
And every hollow fiction of romance.
And, as their rambling humour leads them, talk
Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance;
That ſet them all agape, rouſe up their hair,
And make the ideot drops ſtart from their eyes;
Of church-yards belching flames at dead of night,

Of

Of walking ſtatues, ghoſts unaffable,
Haunting the dark waſte tower or airleſs dungeon;
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the ſummer's moonlight from the flowers;
And all the toys that phantaſy pranks up
T' amuſe her fools withal.—Thus they laſh on
The ſnail-pac'd Hyperborean nights, till heaven
Hangs with a juſter poize: when the murk clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreathes low-bellying, ſeem
To kiſs the ground, and all the waſte of ſnow
Looks blue beneath 'em; till plump'd with bloating dropſy,
Beyond the bounds and ſtretch of continence,
They burſt at once; down pours the hoarded rain,
Waſhing the ſlippery winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallies. The fading ſcene
Melts like a loſt enchantment or vain phantaſm

That

That can no more abuſe. Nature reſumes
Her old ſubſtantial ſhape; while from the waſte
Of undiſtinguiſhing calamity,
Foreſts, and by their ſides wide-ſkirted plains,
Houſes and trees ariſe; and waters flow,
That from their dark confinements burſting, ſpurn
Their brittle chains; huge ſheets of looſen'd ice
Float on their boſoms to the deep, and jarr
And clatter as they paſs; th' o'erjutting banks,
As long unpractic'd to ſo ſteep a view,
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.

Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along,
Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge *Danube*,
While melting mountains ruſh into its tide,
Rolls with ſuch headſtrong and unreined courſe,
As it would choak the *Euxine*'s gulphy maw,

Burſting his chryſtal cerements. The breathing time
Of peace expir'd, that huſh'd the deafning ſcenes
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War
Rebels, and Nature ſtands at odds again:
When the rous'd Furies of the fighting winds
Torment the main; that ſwells its angry ſides,
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws;
While thro' the ſavage dungeon of the night
The horrid thunder growls. Th' ambitious waves
Aſſault the ſkies, and from the burſting clouds
Drink the glib lightening; as if the ſeas
Wou'd quench the ever-burning fires of heaven.
Strait from their ſlipp'ry pomp they madly plunge
And kiſs the loweſt pebbles. Wretched they
That 'midſt ſuch rude vexation of the deep
Guide a frail veſſel! Better ice-bound ſtill,
Than mock'd with liberty thus be reſign'd
To the rough fortune of the froward time;

When

When Navigation all a-tiptoe ſtands
On ſuch unſteady footing. Now they mount
On the tall billow's top, and ſeem to jowl
Againſt the ſtars; whence (dreadful eminence!)
They ſee with ſwimming eyes (enough to hurry round
In endleſs vertigo the dizzy brain)
A gulph that ſwallows viſion, with wide mouth
Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck
To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
The adamantine gates of vaulted hell:
Thence toſs'd to light again; till borne adrift
Againſt ſome icy mountains bulging ſides
They reel, and are no more.—Nor leſs by land
Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage
Howl thro' the wide unhoſpitable glens;
That rock the ſtable-planted towers, and ſhake
The hoary monuments of ancient time
Down to their flinty baſes; that engage

As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
And bruſh the high heavens with their woody heads;
Making the ſtout oaks bow.—But I forget
That ſprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel:
Ceaſe we theſe notes too tragic for the time,
Nor jar againſt great Nature's ſymphony;
When even the bluſtrous elements grow tuneful,
Or liſten to the concert. Hark! how loud
The cuckoo wakes the ſolitary wood!
Soft ſigh the winds as o'er the greens they ſtray,
And murmuring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE's DREAM:

Darkly expreſſive of ſome paſt Events that were ſoon to be revealed to her.

— — — — Laſt night I dreamt,
Whate'er it may forebode it moves me ſtrangely,
That I was rapt into the raving deep;
An old and reverend ſire conducted me:
He plung'd into the boſom of the main,
And bade me not to fear but follow him.
I followed; with impetuous ſpeed we div'd,
And heard the daſhing thunder o'er our heads.
Many a ſlippery fathom down we ſunk,
Beneath all plummets' ſound, and reached the bottom.
When there, I aſk'd my venerable guide
If he could tell me where my ſiſter was;
He told me that ſhe lay not far from thence
Within the boſom of a flinty rock,

Where

Where Neptune kept her for his paramour
Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's ſight;
And ſaid he could conduct me to the place.
I beg'd he wou'd. Through dreadful ways we paſt,
'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either ſide,
Whence here and there the branching coral ſprung;
O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold and gems,
Into a hideous kind of wilderneſs,
Where ſtood a ſtern and priſon-looking rock,
Dawb'd with a moſſy verdure all around,
The mockery of paint. As we drew near
Out ſprung a hydra from a den below,
A ſpeckl'd fury; fearfully it hiſs'd,
And roll'd its ſea-green eyes ſo angrily
As it wou'd kill with looking. My old guide
Againſt its ſharp head hurl'd a rugged ſtone—
The curling monſter raiſed a brazen ſhriek,

Wallow'd

'allow'd and died in fitful agonies.
'e gain'd the cave. Thro' woven adamant
ook'd, and ſaw my ſiſter all alone.
nploy'd ſhe ſeem'd in writing ſomething ſad,
› ſad ſhe looked: Her cheek was wond'rous wan,
er mournful locks like weary ſedges hung.
call'd—ſhe turning, ſtarted when ſhe ſaw me,
nd threw her head aſide as if aſham'd;
ıe wept, but would not ſpeak—I call'd again;
ill ſhe was mute.—Then madly I addreſt,
'ith all the lion-ſinews of deſpair,
o break the flinty ribs that held me out;
nd with the ſtruggling wak'd.—

A

STORM;

Raiſed to account for the late return of a Meſſenger.

— — — The ſun went down in wrath;
The ſkies foam'd brafs, and ſoon th' unchained winds
Burſt from the howling dungeon of the north:
And rais'd ſuch high delirium on the main,
Such angry clamour; while ſuch boiling waves
Flaſh'd on the peeviſh eye of moody night,
It look'd as if the ſeas would ſcald the heavens.
Still louder chid the winds, th' enchafed ſurge
Still anſwered louder; and when the ſickly morn
Peep'd ruefully through the blotted thick-brow'd eaſt
To view the ruinous havock of the dark,
The ſtately towers of Athens ſeem'd to ſtand

On

On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ſhips that lay
Scorning the blaſt within the marble arms
Of the ſea-chid Portumnus, danc'd like corks
Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other;
And ſome were daſh'd to fragments in this fray
Againſt the harbour's rocky cheſt. The ſea
So roar'd, ſo madly raged, ſo proudly ſwell'd,
As it would thunder full into the ſtreets,
And ſteep the tall Cecropian battlements
In foaming brine. The airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,
Shook the ſalt water from its ſtubborn ſides
With eager quaking; the Cyclades appear'd
Like ducking Cormorants—Such a mutiny
Out-clamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Seven days it ſtorm'd, &c.

AN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

Written at Mr. THOMSON's deſire, to be inſerted into the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

I.

FULL many a fiend did haunt this houſe of reſt,
And made of paſſive wights an eaſy prey.
Here Lethargy with deadly ſleep oppreſt
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his ſides; and ſnored night and day.
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraightway:
He led I ween the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain or ſtrife to yield the breath.

II.

II.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſie;
Unwieldy man, with belly monſtrous round
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And here a moping Myſtery did ſit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye:
She call'd herſelf the Hypochondriack Fit,
And frantick ſeem'd to ſome, to others ſeem'd a wit.

III.

A lady was ſhe whimſical and proud,
Yet oft thro' fear her pride would crouchen low.
She felt or fancied in her fluttering mood
All the diſeaſes that the Spitals know,
And ſought all phyſick that the ſhops beſtow;
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try.
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh and ſometimes cry,
Sometimes would waxen wroth; and all ſhe knew not why.

IV.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs virgin pin'd,
With aching head and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
But lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhook his chilling wings;
And here the Gout, half tyger half a ſnake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred ſtings;
Theſe and a thouſand furies more did ſhake
Thoſe weary realms, and kept eaſe-loving men awake.

Advertiſement from the Publiſher.

AS two of the Author's moſt intimate friends, Noureddin Ali Eſq. and Lancelot Temple Eſq. have expreſt ſome inclination to have their works tranſmitted to poſterity along with *his:* he agrees to their requeſt; in hopes that he may never have much cauſe to be aſhamed of their company.

THE
MUNCHER'S AND GUZZLER'S
DIARY:

The Wit's, the Critic's, the Conundrumſt's, the Farmer's, the Petit-Maitre's

POCKET COMPANION:

The Jacobite's, the Whig's, the Freethinker's, the Methodiſt's

BREVIARY:

The London, the Rome, the Conſtantinople, the Pekin, the Cairo, the Mexican, the Brentford

CALENDAR:

The Gentleman's, the Lady's, the old Woman's, the Child's

MANUAL:

The Male, the Female, the Hermaphrodite

PROGNOSTICATOR:

The Mole's, the Salamander's, the Butterfly's, the Flying-Fiſh's, the Whale's, the Allegator's, the Phœnix's, in a word,

THE UNIVERSAL ALMANAC.

BY NOUREDDIN ALI,
Formerly of Damaſcus, now of Datchet-bridge, Eſq;
L. L. D. M. D. D. D. A. O. P. X. Z. A. Ω.
Societatis Royalis Membrum, and Projector-General for the Philoſopher's Stone to the Emperor of the two Indies.

Tityrus tu patulum recubans ſub Tegmine fagi.
Polidori Virgil. Epiſt. ad Dionyſ. Halicarnaſſ.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVIII.

TO

OMICRON *LICK-DEVIL, ESQ.

PRINTER IN LONDON.

SIR,

AS I live at ſuch a diſtance from the preſs, I muſt take the liberty to offer you a few directions, with regard to the manner of printing the work which will be put into your hands, by my worthy friend Dribble-verſe Pufftraſh, Eſq. the bookſeller. In the firſt place, I deſire the type may not be inviſibly ſmall, nor even ſuch a one, as is only to be peruſed by the microſcope. It is true your

* It may not be improper to obſerve, for the information of thoſe who have never yet committed any of their thoughts to the preſs, that the Printers Errand-boys are dignified with the name of *Devils*.

ſmall

ſmall character looks neat and pretty; but then its troubleſome to thoſe, who do not conſider books as mere furniture, but are of opinion that one uſe of them is to be read. By Gad, Sir, this minute way of printing is enough to reduce the cleareſt and moſt tranſparent writers to a level with thoſe that are the moſt dark, muddy, profound, myſterious and obſcure: and if Brindley, and a parcel of them, carry their improvements in micography a very little further; that moſt perſpicuous poet the divine Virgil, even diveſted of his thick cloud of commentators, will, in a little time, become as unintelligible as the moſt puzzled proſe or rhime metaphyſician, that ever labour'd of abortive meanings, or ſat upon the wind eggs of philoſophy. This is all for the ſake of meer neatneſs.—Good God! into what will this little age dwindle? Your little, ſpruce, neat, briſk, pert prigs are almoſt the only men in vogue; and the *petit goût* remarkably predominates in all our works, and every thing we ſay, think, or do; ſo much, that ſhould St. Paul's tumble,

tumble, I believe it would riſe again a pretty neat thing enough, but not much above the ſize of a ſentry-box—if it were not for ſome particular reaſons, which a perſon of your ſagacity cannot fail to perceive at the firſt glance. But perhaps, we are in the right; for when we affect greatneſs we are clumſy and little ſtill. Witneſs a great, little, heavy pile of very good ſtone, that has the impudence to ſtare and look big, like a great, unmeaning booby-headed lout, in the neighbourhood of Walbroke church; which modeſt elegant piece of architecture is moſt effectually ſhouldered out of ſight, by the awkward envy of that lubbardly giant. — But I forget, Sir, that you are a man of buſineſs; and as I hate to be tedious, I deſire in the next place, that this work of mine may come abroad without any foppiſh or pedantic ornaments of head and tail-pieces; even though Gribelin himſelf were alive, and piddled ſtill. I have ſeen enough of thoſe decorations of late years to make me heartily ſick of them: yet if you think it quite

neceſſary

neceſſary for the engagement of readers of re-finement and taſte, to adorn this piece with ſomething that ſhews a reliſh of the fine arts; I would have you inſert a well deſigned cut of the man you muſt probably have ſeen in ſome of your Britiſh Almanacs, ſtuck through the ſhoulders, hips and thighs; you under-ſtand me. And pray let it be done by ſome one, who is a perfect maſter in drawing: for things of this nature, if not exquiſitely good, are diſguſting and offenſive to a delicate eye. I had ſomething elſe to ſay — Oh! it was about the choice of Mottos. In this article at leaſt, I have it ſtill in my power to out-do (without vanity be it ſaid) even the moſt learned of my cotemporaries. And by Gad I will. There is nothing like good, apt and pertinent mottos in various languages to ſhew an author's reading; and ſometimes let me tell you the motto is the only well ſaid thing in a whole book. But to let you into a piece of ſecret hiſtory, you muſt know, Sir, that I am no great linguiſt myſelf; for as to the ancient languages, I cannot honeſtly pre-tend to be perfect in any of them, except the

Latin,

Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, Troglodite, and Carthaginian; in which laſt, particularly, I may ſay without vaunting, I am as well verſed, thank heaven! as moſt men of my inches in Europe; be the other who he will. In the modern, or if you will, the living languages, (for ſome of theſe may, perhaps, be reckoned among the number of the ancient) I find myſelf equally imperfect. For though I ſpeak as familiarly as my own mother tongue, the French, Engliſh, Chineſe, Italian, German, Allemagne, High-Dutch, Portugueſe, Spaniſh, Iriſh, the Ruſs like any bear, Perſian or Perſic, which you will, the Laplandic, Turcheſtan, moſt of the African languages; and have a little ſmattering of Low-Dutch, juſt enough to make myſelf underſtood by a Porpus: yet I muſt own myſelf moſt deplorably ignorant, as to many of the American languages; particularly thoſe that are ſpoke in ſome of the more inland parts of that vaſt continent, and towards the ſources of the river of the Amazons, and the Oroonoko; and eſpecially

that beautiful, pybald, black and white Lingo, pallaber'd in its greateſt purity by the Creolians of Jamaica. Being thus deficient in languages, I have wrote to my good friend Mr. All-Tongue Taſteleſs, principal of Waxen-Noſe College, in the univerſity of Coxcomb-Den; who will, for the ſake of our old friendſhip, ſupply you with plentiful forage of mottos in all languages dead and alive. But I abhor prolixity; and therefore without more words at preſent aſſure yourſelf, that I am at all hours, days, minutes, and ſeconds (till ſuch time as you give me ſome cauſe, either real or imaginary, to become your bitter enemy)

Sir, your moſt unalterable friend,

and humble ſervant,

Datchet-Bridge,
Nov. 1748. NOUREDDIN ALI.

P. S. If you think our Almanack too ſmall for a ſix-penny cut, I imagine there can be no harm in printing this Letter; and be pleaſed to inſert it between the title-page and the

preface;

preface, rather than in the body of the work; but this I ſubmit to your judgment, for it is a maxim with me never to dictate to a man in his own buſineſs. If you apprehend, that your collectors of books may ſtill think it a bad pennyworth, I can ſend you ſeveral recommendatory poems, written by my —— I mean by ſome worthy friends of mine, who are pleaſed to think better of me than I deſerve; but it looks ſo like vanity, I would rather not publiſh them. It is true, they are extremely pretty, and might of themſelves make the book run like wildfire, if there was nothing elſe in it: but I proteſt, I would almoſt rather be excuſed from publiſhing them; for, to my great misfortune, I have not the leaſt ſpark of vanity in me. Adieu.

THE PREFACE.

AS this work is calculated for promoting the knowledge *and* pleaſure *of the whole human ſpecies, it is humbly preſumed, that no critic how ſurly, ſqueamiſh, or ſevere ſoever, will grudge it the title of the* UNIVERSAL ALMANAC. *Such partial performances, as the* Female Spectator; Fables for the Female Sex; Letters to the Ladies, *&c. &c. however inſtructive, or entertaining they may be to one ſex, are it ſeems quite a* dead Letter *to the other; and, I ſuppoſe, as inacceſſible to the male part of our ſpecies, as were the myſteries of the* Bona Dea

Dea *of old. On the other hand, to preſerve the balance, I ſuppoſe, of erudition between the two ſexes, there are productions, as expreſly devoted to the ſervice of ours; witneſs that delectable* Hodge Podge *of wit and humour called the* Gentleman's Magazine.

On this occaſion I cannot help ſaying that Sylvanus, *who is generally polite, and communicative of his fund of* Knowledge *and* Pleaſure; *in this reſpect ſhews more of the* Ruſtic *than the man of* Urbanity; *and behaves too little like a* Gentleman, *while he utterly neglects the Ladies in his addreſs. I have often lamented this unwarrantable partiality, in theſe and others of our modern writers; and for my own part would moſt chearfully beſtow my little mite, for the inſtruction and amuſement, the* knowledge *and* pleaſure, *not only of all mankind, but of the whole animal*

creation; and would it were a million for their ſakes!—To this end, while thouſands of you have been faſt aſleep in your beds; hundreds moſt horribly drunk; and tens engaged in other ſenſual pleaſures; have I paſt many a wakeful night in moulding this little piece, and poliſhing it into its preſent perfection. May all who have eyes or ears read it, or hear it read with profit and delight! Amen.

OF THE
DOMINICAL LETTER,
THE GOLDEN NUMBER,
AND EPACT,
FOR THE YEAR 1749.

AS you'll have enough of theſe in the vulgar herd of Almanac-writers, I refer you to thoſe blunderbuſſes. I am engaged in deeper myſteries, and have other fiſh to fry.

OF THE ECLIPSES THIS YEAR.

ONE would think that in theſe days the planets were in partnerſhip with the tallow-chandlers and oil-mongers; for this year we ſhall have no leſs than three hundred ſixty-five total Eclipſes of the ſun. And as all above ſixteen died of the fatal Eclipſe laſt year, ſo all under that critical age, will die of one this.—Alas! my good friends, it is lamentable to think what numbers of beautiful damſels muſt be cut off in the firſt bloom of their charms, and as ſoon almoſt as they begin to be of ſome uſe in the world.—Come, I do but joke; for bleſſed be goodneſs! none of the Eclipſes this year will be mortal.

Don't be caſt down my dear boys and girls, old and young: theſe formidable appearances are nothing elſe but the ſun and moon playing together at loggerheads. For though

though they have both room enough G— knows to range in, they will every now and then be making faces at one another, and come to blows, juſt as our earthly powers do. But do not you officiouſly interpoſe in the quarrels of your ſuperiors; fight dog, fight bear for me, I'll inſure both their buffs for five hundred pounds; though my whole ſtock at preſent does not amount to above two and ſeven pence half-penny.

And you my honeſt friends, who ſupply Covent-Garden, and other markets in town; pray let us have a little of your country chear to comfort us under thoſe threatning aſpects of the planets. I'll anſwer for it you ſhall not go home in the dark, for all the * Eclipſe; eſpecially if you don't ſtay in town till you have drank yourſelves blind.

* Upon occaſion of a ſolar eclipſe, which happened two or three years before the date of this Almanac, the country people round London were ſo apprehenſive of a very dark day, as black as any winter night, that the town muſt have faſted for one day, if it had entirely depended upon them for its ſubſiſtence.

OBSERVATIONS, PROGNOSTICATIONS, AND DIRECTIONS FOR

JANUARY.

THE poor people in Greenland, will have a bitter cold winter this year; whereas the Creolians in Jamaica will hardly have ice enough to cool their madeira. As for us, we ſhall have a warm January and ſomewhat moiſt; if I lie never truſt me more.

If the wind does not blow from the ſouth this month, we ſhall have it from the eaſt or the north, except it come from the weſt. For my own part, I have never yet known a ſouth wind blow from the north-eaſt; tho' I have oftner than once felt an eaſterly blaſt from the ſouth-weſt.

This year, people will not laugh very heartily at any joke that touches themſelves

to the quick; and your bad critics will diſcover much more merit, in the clumſy performances of their friends, than in productions of the trueſt ſpirit, where they are unacquainted with the author; but eſpecially if they have any perſonal diſlike to him.

Great numbers of your good for nothing fellows will die in London, before this year comes to an end, The mortality will rage no where more violently than in the inns of court; but it will not extend to the men of true taſte: for it does not appear, that in all thoſe reſorts of the learned, briſk, and lively, ſo much as one who deſerves to be ranked in that claſs, ſhall periſh during the entire courſe of this preſent year.

FEBRUARY.

NOW begin to ſow your ſummer grain, ſuch as rye, oats, barley, rice, potatoes, pine-apples; but preſerve them in the beſt manner you can from any froſt that may happen; pomegranates, parſnips, and moſt of the other ſorts of ſallad herbs; ſuch as pompions, gourds, pickled walnuts, beet-root, candied citron, nutmegs, Durham flour of muſtard-ſeed, ſarſaparilla, rattle-ſnake root, cinnamon, onions, orange-chips, candied eringo roots, and the like. Set eels up to the ears in the mud, as alſo anchovies, and pickled ſturgeon; and ſow your mountain cod within the ſea mark; for this reaſon, becauſe it never thrives ſo well as in ſalt-water.

But of all things, be ſure to take care of your hops and barley, till ſuch time as the Engliſh vineyards are in a greater forwardneſs; that we may not fall down between two ſtools, as the ſaying is.

This

This year you may expect to ſee ſeveral changes at court; and the new m——y will be juſt as wiſe as the old;—ay, and as public-ſpirited too, let me tell you. For my own part, I believe I ſhall remain a patriot ſtill; becauſe in all my contemplations of the ſtars, I do not as yet ſee either place or penſion allotted to honeſt Noureddin.

MARCH.

THE wind will blow from the eaſt all this month, and the next too—aye, and the next to that, let me tell you for your comfort, ye ſplenetic curs.—I'll be d—n'd if that fellow with the ſolemn wig is not a great fool, for all he looks ſo wiſe. He is big enough for a ſwan, but is only ſo much the more a gooſe. Do you call this a tragedy and be whip'd?—I will not flay you alive, you naſty ſatyr, but I'll have you hung up by thoſe long ears, for daring to be ſo ſaucy as to call yourſelf a poet.—None of your national reflections you ſuterkin! they are ſeldom uſed by thoſe who do any credit to their own country.—Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. *(aloud)* —G—d d—n you for a puppy! *(aſide)* — Muſt I never ſtir out in a morning, without having my ſtomach turned with that d—n'd, inſipid, inſincere ſmile of thine?

APRIL.

MARCH hares now begin to grow ſomewhat ſcarce; but inſtead of them you may eat any wholeſome food the ſeaſon affords, provided it be good of its kind. Radiſhes and young onions are reliſhing ſallads, with thoſe who delight in them: nevertheleſs, eat them with a little ſalt if you pleaſe; otherwiſe you may do as you will for any thing I care. Abſtain from hemlock, henbane, deadly mandrake, arſenic, ſublimate, &c. For moſt phyſicians agree, that all theſe plants are more or leſs unwholſome; eſpecially if they are eat in any great quantity.

I give you fair warning that the weather will be variable moſt part of this month: therefore prepare yourſelves for it as you think proper; for really I can't help it.

Will nobody be ſo kind, as to take that pert prig out of my ſight? It is an abominable

nable little fellow! Yet there is ſuch a harmony amongſt fools, that he will undoubtedly make his way in this bleſſed age, by thoſe very qualities for which he is deſpiſed by the few who have better noſes, and can make ſhift to ſmell a polecat.

M A Y.

the more prudent kind of who are tolerably vers'd in od, wholeſome, ſuperſtitious ſaws, now be ſomewhat ſcrupulous to be tied together, *for better for worſe*; yet I perceive by the pricking of my thumbs, that divers virgins will be knighted this month, and riſe up women.

Do, let us all three go to Vaux-Hall together this evening, to hear that precious fellow—what's his name?—ſing

The blind eat many a fly.

— Thank you! but I had rather eat a bit of their cold chicken, or turn over a leaf of ox-buttock, with a truſs of parſley—With all my heart; for I made but an indifferent dinner to day. You muſt know I kept myſelf for the breaſt of veal, and when it came

I could neither ſee, nor touch it for butter-ſauce—d—n your butter-ſauce!

Nothing but butter! merciful heaven! *

Fee, fa, fum! I ſee two profound critics, on the North-road for London — Ah! Gad preſerve my eye-ſight! — I beg your pardon.—It is only Dr. Taylor, and his man.

* See Mr. What d'ye call him's *Shakeſpear.*

JUNE.

WARM weather, and either moiſt or dry, from the firſt to the eleventh; from thence to the nineteenth inclined to be ſultry, eſpecially if there be little wind, and that ſoutherly. From the twentieth to the twenty-firſt incluſive, you may happen to hear ſome thunder, which will be attended with lightning more or leſs, and probably ſome rain; but not much ſnow. From the twenty-ſecond to the end, pleaſant, warm weather, with ſome gentle ſhowers, if it pleaſe heaven.

While the ſun is a broiling the crab,* neither bleed nor purge I tell you, for certain reaſons, except it be proper; in that caſe you may venture. Ox-cheek is ſomewhat cloy-

* For the ſake of ſuch readers as have hardly aſtronomical knowlege enough to underſtand a common Almanac, it may not be amiſs here to obſerve, that in this month the ſun is in the ſign *Cancer*, or the *Crab*.

ing and mawkiſh in this hot weather; and I have hardly ever known above three or four pounds of it ſit light upon a tender ſtomach, at this time of the year. Where it lies heavy, the readieſt cure I know of is a gentle puke.

JULY.

IN this month, if thou walkeſt ever ſo ſlow and ſtately along the ſmooth pavement, beware of peas-cods and bean-ſhells. Thoſe d—n'd ſlippery things have been the downfal of many a pretty fellow; to the great diverſion of your idle ſhoe-cleaners, barbers boys, humorous coblers, buckſkin-breeches makers, and all the envious vermin who delight in ſeeing their betters humbled.

Gather your fruit yourſelf, my dear; and I beſeech you eat it as faſt as you can, freſh from the tree, or buſh. I except medlars, which are never to be touch'd till they are rotten, and then they are good for nothing.

The k— of ——, if he lives till then, will certainly die on the ſeventeenth of this month, or thereafter.

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER.

YOU all know as well as I what is to happen in theſe months; therefore let us jog on to November.—

This indeed proved to be exactly the caſe, according to my prediction, in thoſe months of the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-eight; but in the preſent year * one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-nine, the caſe is very different.

I wiſh you joy — the wind is at laſt come about to the weſt; and now we ſhall be in bet-

* It is almoſt needleſs to inform the learned, ſagacious, and enlightened *public*, that this exactneſs of date is in imitation of ſome graceful repetitions which often occur in the political works of a certain able patriotic ſtateſman; who was at the ſame time a ſound moral philoſopher, a profound metaphyſician, and ſuch a communicative freethinker, as to exert his beſt abilities in converting the people of London from what little religion they had to none at all.

ter

ter humour with ourſelves and with one another.—

Fine harveſt weather; and the crops not at all *defective*—But what does that ſignify to the poor, if *the high price of the wheat* is not lowered?—In good faith not a great deal.

REVERIES AND DIRECTIONS FOR AUGUST.

The laws, * *Lex Terræ*, ſhould bluſh to puniſh trifling crimes; to ſend ſo many poor devils every month to Tyburn for ſtealing handkerchiefs, while the moſt pernicious villainies inſult and laugh at their impotence.

Now prithee, my dear Sir Humphrey, can you contrive no other way to procure the eſteem of the world, but by ſcraping a parcel of ducats and moidores together like a thieviſh jackdaw?—You may buy the huzzas of the long-ear'd rabble at a very moderate expence: for two pots of beer per head they'll attend you

* See *Magna Charta*; an elegant old manuſcript, upon which alone ſome ſay the liberties of Engliſhmen depend.

with their hoarſe acclamations all the way from the Devil to the Manſion-houſe; and if you pleaſe, as far as Whitechapel-bars for one pot more—But at the ſame time, it is not ſo eaſy to raiſe yourſelf above the contempt of ſenſible people—Beſides, even thoſe blackguards, eſpecially the ſhrewder kind of them, perhaps deſpiſe you at their hearts; except indeed ſome fooliſh fit of enthuſiaſm is upon them. For you ought to know, that there is no ſincerity in ſcoundrels. What the devil, do you expect honey from the waſps my dear?—

Good G—d, Sir, what pleaſure can you feel from the applauſe of thoſe animals?—You may indeed make it conducive to ſome ſelfiſh deſigns, and uſe it as a tool of ambition. I allow there is ſome meaning in that. But what is quite beyond my comprehenſion, ſuppoſing you ſtill to be a man of ſome ſenſe, this diſcordant cry of an ignorant, worthleſs, ſtupid, dirty rabble, flatters your vanity.

Indeed it does; and it delights you to hear this variety of a moſt brutiſh creation bellow, bleat, bray, grunt, ſqueak, roar, bark, mew, cackle, prate, and chatter in your praiſe. You muſt have a delicate ear, Sir, to reliſh ſuch a concert. Your ſolid wirey nerves are aſleep it would ſeem to the lute, the Welch-harp, and the violoncello. They thrill only to marrow-bones and cleavers, or the bob-majors of St. Giles.

Now I beſeech you, my good friends, take a reaſonable care of your bodily health; and don't get drunk too often in this hot weather. Begin your dinner with ſoup of one kind or another, not only through the dog-days, but every day throughout the year; let whoever will ſay as much as he pleaſes to the contrary. I don't know of any food in which you may more ſafely indulge than turtle: and if any aphrodiſiacal complaints ſhould happen after even the moſt plentiful uſe of it, I would have you recollect whether they may not be fairly

imputed to ſome other cauſe. Mean time, you had beſt not be too familiar with every companion you may happen to ſtumble upon. Provided you always take care to keep wholeſome company, you may ſafely eat turtle three or four times a week.—As to phyſic, you may take a doſe of ſalts by any apothecary's advice—When your ſtomach feels loaded, or your appetite is become languid, you may even venture upon a gentle emetic, with the approbation of any common town doctor;—but never part with above one ounce of your precious blood, without the conſent of ſome able phyſician.

SEPTEMBER.

ALIEN as I am, I wiſh well to the country in which I have paſt the greateſt part of my life; to every country; to all mankind: no matter whether white, black, tawney, or copper-coloured. And I beg that my endeavours at the ſmalleſt good offices may not be thought too preſumptuous.

Men, yeomen, and gentlemen of Kent; you who have already changed your cherries into hops; I conjure you, in ſpite of the morillo, the black and white hearts, the dukes and bleeding hearts, to reſtore the beſt of all cherries. If that is too late, which heaven forbid, at leaſt preſerve your incomparable pippin; the richeſt and higheſt flavoured of all the Engliſh apples — greatly ſuperior to that hard, crude, inſipid, incomfortable bullet, that impudently calls itſelf the *golden* pippin; or the ungenial ſourneſs of

of the nonpareil. May the Kentiſh pippin flouriſh again — may it ever flouriſh! And ſtill may the nectarine be reliſhed in England. I beſeech you don't ſtrip your poor honeſt walls of the nectarine here to make way for the waſhy peach; for this wiſe reaſon truly, that in a neighbouring country the peach has more flavour than their nectarine, which it ſeems is almoſt as inſipid as your pitiful apricot.

Good-morrow, Sir—How d'ye find yourſelf this evening?—Let me feel your pulſe—Oh, you're in a charming good way. Put out your tongue—Oh, better and better—you'll be quite well *in* two or three days—Don't you find yourſelf a great deal better?—Why really, doctor, I don't think myſelf a great deal worſe—But ſtill I am teized with this curſed hiccup, and have ſtrange catchings every now and then, and ſuch odd feelings about my heart, as I cannot expreſs—a beating as it were, and a kind of fluttering

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and uneaſineſs, as I don't know how. Then I am ſo weak, that it is impoſſible, with all my reſtleſſneſs and the help of five thouſand furies of nurſes, to turn me from my back to one of my ſides, either right or left. I feel ſometimes ſo hot, at other times ſo cold, that it perplexes me to death whether I am *Veſuvius*, or Mr. What d'ye call him's *icy Alps*.—Now pray, my good doctor, *what is the cauſe of all this?* Oh, Sir, theſe complaints are entirely nervous—ſpaſmodic, Sir. They are chiefly owing to the antiperiplogiſtic circumgirivagations of the annular fibres of the longitudinal ſinus of the brain; with which the left tranſverſe ſinus is in ſome meaſure affected too; though I have the pleaſure to tell you not to ſo great a degree. Beſides, Sir, the nates and teſtes of the cerebrum—I mean the cerebellum, you underſtand me, are at preſent under a ſtate of relaxation, and rather too pendulous; as well as ſome other parts of the microcoſm.—As to thoſe feelings about your heart, Sir, they plainly proceed

ceed from an abdominal diſtenſion of ſome of the thoracick inteſtines, and a loſs of infundibilarity in the præcordia.—My dear doctor, I apprehend you perfectly well; and now that you have accounted ſo clearly for the nature of my diſorder, I am happy, and die quite ſatisfied—Only rid me of theſe *here* naſty nurſes; and may the d—l ſwallow the reſt of thoſe *there* delicious bottles.—A bottle of Madeira might at one time have done me ſome good; but you would never liſten to my longings—and now 'tis too late. There's a parcel of you that will never take any hints from nature. However, doctor, lend me your hand—There—Good night.

A gentleman, whoſe name I forget, was pleaſed the day before yeſterday, when ſomebody was very wiſely applying the ſtale driveling maxim, that there was no phyſician to a ſick child ſo good as an old woman. This ſame gentleman, I ſay, could not help obſerving, that it ſeemed to be not an uncommon

mon opinion with regard to the grown-up children too, from four or five feet upwards to the Patagonian ſize. And it is no wonder, ſa s he, that it ſhould be ſo; as the great majority of mankind are old women; and people always mix the moſt cordially with thoſe who the moſt reſemble themſelves. *Simile ſimili gaudet*; which is in plain Engliſh, *like draws to like.*

T'other day upon aſking a phyſician, who, though as tickliſh and impatient as moſt people, is not apt to be affronted at little impertinences in thoſe who wiſh him well; why he kept ſo much out of the way of his buſineſs: his reply appeared to me ſomewhat extraordinary. He told me, that as the greateſt part of the preſent generation was hardly worth the pains of ſaving from the ſhades; and a man of honour muſt do the beſt he can for people who truſt him with their lives, he choſe to give them a chance of falling into worſe hands; and would willingly

willingly decline the plague and trouble of negociating with Death, except on the behalf of ſome friends, who ought not by any means to die while he lives. But to be very ſerious, and even ſad, ſays he, I find that tho' I never could bear to be idle, nature intended me for amuſement and pleaſure rather than buſineſs: and leaſt of all for a buſineſs attended with ſo much anxiety, and ſo many teizing, uncomfortable, diſagreeable, illiberal circumſtances, as this happens to be,

OCTOBER.

THE weather much as uſual at this time of the year, except ſomething extraordinary in that kind ſhould happen; as it well may for any thing I am yet able to foreſee. Mean time, I am ſorry to tell you—, but don't be too much alarmed—that we may poſſibly enough have a deviliſh ſhove or two more. It is indeed a moſt ſhocking affair, that theſe curſed earthquakes won't yet be quiet. I hate all thoſe underground grumblings;—there's no joking with them. The Life-guard prophet remains hitherto ſilent as to the particular time; which is very unkind, not to ſay an unwarrantable kind of miſpriſion in him. But for that very reaſon you ought to be the more upon your guard. Be ſure to keep a good look-out, d'ye hear me; and never fail to be prepared for a ſpeedy retreat. Have all your jewels and other little precious moveables ready pack'd up. And

as

as ſoon as you deſcry a red hue in the clouds, while not a breath of air is ſtirring, depend upon it there's no time to be loſt.—Out!—away!—begone!—to the fields in a hurry! The Lord preſerve us.—

You my patron!—who,—what are you,—and whence?—You ſaucy impudent beetle-waſp! what, you my patron!—Give your patronage to the *dogs* of Grub-ſtreet, and the ſons of Billingſgate Bitches—*I'll none of it.*—Thou my patron!—Foh!—

My lords and gentlemen, clergymen, lawyers, merchants, and all you other reſpectable bodies of men in England—I beg your pardon—I am only a foreigner, a man of *Damaſcus*; God help me, I had not the honour to be born in England. But as I wiſh you all well; I cannot reſiſt a certain impulſe to tell you, that if you don't teach your populace to make a more decent uſe of their liberty, you may poſſibly one time or another loſe your own. *Noureddin* of *Damaſcus* cannot

with indifference behold this mortifying proſpect. For though an *Alien, humani nihil a ſe alienum putat.*

Prithee my dear Billy what's the matter? I have found you chatty enough ſometimes, and as good humoured as other people. But you have ſat theſe two hours without almoſt opening your mouth, except now and then to yawn; and you look as if you had never laughed or even ſmiled once in your life. For heaven's ſake what's the matter?—Pooh! what's the matter?—Don't you ſee that ſneaking vulgar impudent blackguard fellow there, that from half a crown has raiſed near three-fourths of a Plum, by ſtarving himſelf and cheating his cuſtomers? He has neither taſte nor ſpirit to enjoy the hundredth part of what he is worth; and was much happier when he lived upon thirteen pence half penny a day than he is now with all his thouſands. A dull raſcal, that though he pretends to like a joke, never once in his

life felt one that could make any thing laugh but a blockhead.—There's another; ſo ſleek and pert you'd take him for an *Abbé*, if he was not a proteſtant divine; as far as he has any religion at all. Don't you think him old enough to behave and dreſs a little more ſoberly; but he'll curl his long hair and continue a beau to ſeventy and upwards. Beſides, this jackanapes is a wit, God knows! He's perpetually tittering and laughing, and has been aiming all his life at a joke, without ever once hitting it. By heaven there's nothing ſo diſguſting as the inſipid vivacity of a vain fool. — Do but mind that hum-drum dozing gentleman on his left hand. He funks away moſt powerfully; and ſeems to be a deep connoiſſeur in Port. I ſhould take him to be the *land-torpedo*—Dullneſs is catching like moſt other things; and I really believe there is a ſtupifying power, and what the phyſical gentry call narcotic, in the inſenſible perſpiration of ſome animals. Don't you obſerve ſomething like a black rainbow

about

about his head?—The candles burn blue!—He muſt either be a kind of *Antichriſt*, or one of the infernal ſaints. Likely enough the St. Gregory of hell.—That *choice ſpirit* there is the devil himſelf—An impudent mimic, an impertinent buffoon. One of his favourite amuſements is to invent a parcel of ſtupid lies, to make his acquaintances appear as ridiculous as he can. This ſemi-demi Wit has had a thouſand miſcarriages of dead jokes—But he'll ſtill venture at the old trade again.—Any one of theſe is enough to damp all pleaſantry and good humour—But all together, good God!—Adieu—You'll pay for me—Good night—and the Lord preſerve you!—

My dear Mr. *Dry Robert* I wiſh you would ſprinkle a little ſalt upon your jokes. For without ſome ſeaſoning of that kind they are as mawkiſh as freſh cod, or the fatteſt Milton oyſters. And be ſure never to attempt a joke over hot roaſt beef, ſaddle of mutton, fillet of veal, cramm'd turkey, or any other ſolid

dainties of that rank. Such a ſerious diet is enough igad to damp the wit even of moſt common-council men. But heaven forbid that the political eyes of ſome certain demogogues ſhould ever be ſo bedimm'd with the fumes of groſs fare, as to endanger their ſtumbling into ſome fatal pit, and drawing a whole blind multitude after them !—

That whimſical rogue *Ned Froth* is very fond of you at preſent, he knows not why. When March many-weathers comes in, he'll hate you juſt as cordially; for the ſame reaſon.

The devil confound the chattering magpies that taught all the reſt to prate ſuch villainous nonſenſe !—

NOVEMBER.

HEIGH ho!—Tut! tut!—Oh fye, Sirs! Oh fye! good lack and well-a-day! A thouſand plagues upon the ſobbing rains I foreſee! Hey day, we ſhall all be poiſoned with theſe naſty fogs! I wiſh you would pack them up and export them directly. Why don't the ſcavengers carry them off and be d—n'd?—Foh! there's no breathing here for a polypus.—

Now roaſt *Sir Loin* is in high ſeaſon, with thoſe that like it. As for pudding and dumpling, I would moſt heartily recommend my ſhare of 'em to the devil; if I was ſure they would not damp his ſtomach to a greaſy, facetious, phlegmatic ſtateſman, who is to die this winter of a great loggerheaded moon-calf of a tale; of which he'll have a very hard delivery in preſence of the whole houſe.

Mr. Alderman Gobblefat, you have done nothing all this while, but piddled at that little

jowl of whale, and two or three fried ſturgeons. Pray let me help you to this wing of an oſtrich: or would you rather mumble a ſlice of nice camel paſty?

I dare not be poſitive, whether you'll have a plentiful crop of odes this ſeaſon or not. I have ſome reaſons to think not; and the general run of them will be ſo middling, that they'll lie ſomewhat heavy upon the hands of the *ode-factors*.

DECEMBER.

IF it ſets in for violent froſt, the canal in St. James's park will be froze over; and, perhaps, the Serpentine river itſelf. Some people will be in danger of falls upon the ice; and others who venture too ſoon will run ſome riſque of getting wet.

This winter you'll have a ſhameful ſight of ſad poems, and ſhabby pamphlets: chiefly from the neighbourhood of St. J---s's. Some people of rank and condition, eſpecially in the miniſtry, will be celebrated by our authors; but whether juſtly or not, I dare not determine.—Seven hundred and fifty-ſix thouſand three hundred and ninety-two millions of plagues, upon the miſcreant who firſt invented printing!

I doubt not but ſome of you will ſay Amen to this laſt wiſh; and upon my account too. For, perhaps, you begin to think me a tedious prating fellow, without any meaning. If ſo, it is time to be gone. So God be w'ye; you ſhall not ſee me again in haſte, let me tell you. But when all's done, why ſhould

you complain of me in the name of fourſcore and nineteen inſipid, affected, impertinent brimſtones? As ſoon as you begin to gape, can't you ſtop, with a vengeance? Sure this is no ſuch diſtreſsful caſe, as that of being teaſed with an eternal talker, who ſinks you into a deadly laſſitude with his inſipid prate, and yet won't let you ſleep for the curſed noiſe he keeps. If you don't like it, let it alone. But if you really do not reliſh it, never ſay ſo—don't ſo much as whiſper it to your deaf confeſſor; as you have any regard for your own paltry reputation: for I am well aſſured, I ſhall have all the ſound judges of wit, humour, learning, aſtrology, and the reſt of the ſeventeen ſciences on my ſide. As to the profane, illiterate, and taſteleſs rabble, I don't value them of the millionth part of a braſs farthing. I kick 'em, I bang 'em, I bruiſe 'em, I cut off their heads; if all this does not ſettle 'em, I run 'em through the guts, and ſo poke out their filthy greaſy brains, that were never fit for any thing but the ſperma ceti manufactory. That's my way with 'em; ſo pray be quiet, and once more God be w'ye.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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